

She Tries Her Tongue; Her Silence Softly Breaks*

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All Things are alter'd, nothing is destroyed

Ovid, *The Metamorphoses*
(tr. John Dryden)

the me and mine of parents
the we and us of brother and sister
the tribe of belongings small and separate,
when gone
on these exact places of exacted grief
i placed mint-fresh grief coins
sealed the eyes with certain and final;
in such an equation of loss tears became
a quantity of minus.
with the fate of a slingshot stone
loosed from the catapult pronged double with history
and time on a trajectory of hurl and fling
to a state active with without and unknown
i came upon a future biblical with anticipation

* Ovid, *The Metamorphoses* (tr. John Dryden).

It is important, when transplanting plants, that their roots not be exposed to the air longer than is necessary. Failure to observe this caution will result in the plant dying eventually, if not immediately. When transplanting, you may notice a gently ripping sound as the roots are torn away from the soil. This is to be expected: for the plant, transplanting is always a painful process.

The Practical Guide to Gardening

seek search and uproot
 the forget and remember of root words
 uncharged
 pathways electric with the exposed lie
 circuits of dead
 currents of still
 words
 synapses of unuse and gone
 words
 wordless
 in the eden of first sin
 and
 naked

1. *The limbic system along with the hypothalamus, hippocampus, amygdala, fornix and olfactory bulb rule the basic drives for food, sex and survival.*
2. *The limbic system or primitive cortex plays a significant role in emotions; it is indispensable in the formation of memory.*
3. *Human memory may be either immediate, short-term, or long-term.*
4. *The cerebral cortex is the storehouse of our memory - it makes us human.*
5. *What we choose to store in our long-term memory is closely linked to our emotions.*
6. *Memory is essential to human survival.*

Facts to Live By and Die

without the begin of word
 grist in a grind and pound of together
 in the absence of a past mortared with
 apart
 the harsh husk of a future-present begins

. . . and the big bad wolf came and said,

"Little pig, little pig let me in."

"No, no, not by the hair of my chinny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in."

The wolf huffed and puffed and he huffed and puffed and couldn't blow the house down.

The first pig built his house of straw; the second of wood. Did the third pig buy his bricks or was he given them, and why? Where did he get his money to buy his bricks with?

Straw, wood or brick. The moral of this tale is that the right choice of materials secures safety.

How to Build Your House Safe and Right

oath moan mutter chant
time grieves the dimension of other
babble curse chortle sing
turns on its axis of silence
praise-song poem ululation utterance
one song would bridge the finite in silence
syllable vocable vowel consonant
one word erect the infinite in memory

. the day of Pentecost was fully come,

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues. . . .

. every man heard them speak in his own language.

The Acts of the Apostles 2. 1,2,3,4,6.

absencelostears laughter grief
 in any language
 the same
 only larger
 for the silence
 monstrosity
 obscenity
 tongueless wonder
 blackened stump of a tongue
 torn
 out
 withered
 petrified
 burnt
 on the pyres of silence
 a mother's child foreign
 made
 by a tongue that cursed
 the absence
 in loss
 tears laughter grief
 in the word

.....and if a stranger were to touch her newborn child, the mother will have nothing to do with it. She can smell the stink of the stranger on her child and will refuse to suckle it, believing the spirit of her child to be taken by the stranger.

*De Matribus et Advenis**

* *On Mothers and Strangers*

I do not presume to come to this thy table
 father forgive
most merciful father, trusting in my own righteousness
 foreign father forgive
but in they manifold and great mercies.
 forgive her me this foreignness
I am not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy table
 forgive me this dumbness
but thou art the same Lord, whose property
 this lack of tongue forgive
is always to have mercy

upon
 this
 thisthisand this
 disfigurement this
 dis
 memberment
 this
 verbal crippling
 this
 absence of voice
 that
 wouldnotcould not
 sing

Kyrie eleison
Christos eleison
Kyrie eleison

*Is it in the nature of God to forgive himself -
 For his sin?*

The Book of unCommon Prayer

Hold we to the centre of remembrance
 that forgets the never that severs
 word from the source
 and never forgets the witness
 of broken utterances that passed
 before and now
 breaks the culture of silence
 in the ordeal of testimony;
 in the history of circles
 each point lies
 along the circumference
 diameter or radius
 each word creates a centre
 circumscribed by memory and history
 waits at rest always

 still at the centre

*history, n - L. historia, 'narrative, story, narration, account', from
 Gk. . . . 'learning by inquiry, knowledge obtained by inquiry; account of
 one's inquiries; narration, historical narrative; history.*
*memory, n - ME. mémoire, fr OF. memorie (F. Mémoire), fr. L.
 memoria, 'memory', fr. memor, 'mindful', which stands for *me-mor, and
 derives from I.-E. *mer-(s)mer-, reduplication of base *(s)mer-, to care for,
 be anxious about, think, consider, remember'*
Cp. memoir, commemorate, remember. Cp. also martyr, mourn, smriti.

*Klein's Comprehensive Etymological
 Dictionary of the English Language.*

Without memory can there be history?

That body should speak
 When silence is,
 Limbs dance
 The grief sealed in memory;
 That body might become tongue
 Tempered to speech
 And where the latter falters
 Paper with its words
 The crack of silence;
 That skin become
 Slur slide susurraton
 Polyphony and rhythm - the drum;
 The emptied skull a gourd
 filled
 With the potions of determine
 That compel the split in bridge
 Between speech and magic
 Force and word;
 The harp of accompaniment the ribcage
 Strung with the taut in gut;
 Flute or drumstick the bones.
 When silence is
 Abdication of word tongue and lip
 Ashes of once in what was
 Silence
 Song word speech
 Might I . . . like Philomela . . . sing
 continue
 over
 into
 pure utterance

. and on the day of the great salmon run, the first salmon caught is cooked and shared among the elders - men and women. The oldest women of the tribe, accompanied by the youngest girl-child, then goes down to the waters and returns the skeleton whole to its watery home. This is the way the tribe ensures future gifts of winter food.

Of Women, Wisdom, Fishes and Men